

L'EDT



CORADDI '48

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FALL ISSUE

Volume LIII
Number 1

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CORADDI

WOMAN'S COLLEGE of the UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, N. C.

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Arlene Butcher

Walk: Sunday Morning

The old man watching as you and I watch
Too old for hatred, too tired to remember
And the wistful dog whose face is like our face
Twenty years ago, and his face like our face
Twenty years hence—the forgotten face
When you and I will want to remember.
There. The one with the blind stare.
What a lovely vague tweed, what tailoring
——waiting at the entry door for an arrival.
I never thought of walking here before
You knew it would be interesting
Listening to critiques —— on buttoned shoes —— on
half-slips
in a specious present.
The small group there, cleverly dressed, laughing over
tea . . .
How many years of travel will it take us
to define their gaiety as passion?
We would be uneasy near such perfection.
That one, driving at such a reckless speed
He's the type that agrees with you
when he doesn't know what you are saying.
A few things support a heavy life.
Life, the powerful, indefinable sense of well-being
not when they say "Poor dear. You shouldn't have"
But when, vaguely wondering, you look forward to
seeing them again
And plan in advance which way to run
——always retracing our steps to the entry door.
Refusing invitations to teas, to dances, and just-to-
chats.
Fondling the short, sticky fingers of apprehension
like the dog whose face is like our face
in a specious present.

WALDENMAIER

165329

The Ride

BETTY TOWNSEND

MY sister was killed four days ago and it isn't proper for me to start tearing around so soon; but she wouldn't have had me wait this long, so I'm going out riding. And if anybody's interested, I'm going to ride the same horse she was killed on, and I plan on taking him over the same jump she fell on. All this staying in the house and keeping the shades pulled low isn't right. Why, she'd laugh out loud if she could see how everybody's carrying on over her . . . especially Father, after the way he used to give her Hell every time she did anything when she was alive. I almost wish he'd swear at her for doing such a fool thing instead of just sitting around telling people it was his fault. The way I look at it, that was just her way of doing things. Never thought *one* thing out to the end. Just went ahead and did it and worried later, if she worried at all. I guess some people are born that way and she was just one of them. And speaking of being born, she even did that up to a turn. Instead of picking some plain old uninteresting place like Kansas, the way I did, she got herself born in Shanghai, China: and Father even got a British general to be her God-father. I've heard Father tell the story of her birth at a million cocktail parties. He always makes a better story out of it than it really was, but it goes over big, and especially the part about how lousy the whole British army is. I wonder how long it'll take him to get back to telling that story again.

Father's been in the army ever since the first world war . . . got a commission and decided to stay in. There's a story about that too, but, as Sister would say, "Tell the truth, Two-gun, you just liked the way army people drink and couldn't bear to leave them." I guess there's more truth than fiction in that statement, since Father never denied it, but just laughed when she said it and suggested that perhaps Sister would like it better if he quit the army and took up preaching for a living. Sister was so much like Father that she got by with saying things I'd never dare to try. I always waited for her to speak first, then I'd chime in with "Yeh, I think so too," or "You know it." I remember the day I was eight years old. We had just moved to a new station out in Hawaii and my sister and I were allowed to sit up late that night to watch the searchlight practice on the parade ground. I had never seen one before, and as my sister had, she took it upon herself to get me a personal tour, at close range, so that I could see exactly how a searchlight worked. When anything was going on, children were definitely not allowed on the parade ground, but that never bothered my sister. She marched straight out to the middle of it, found the colonel in command of the post, explained to him

that it was my birthday, and asked if he minded if the two of us followed him around until ten o'clock when we had to go home. He asked us whose little girls we were, and, seeing the smile on his face, I told him. Later that night, Sister told Father that the Colonel never would have known who we were if I hadn't told him, and I guess I agreed to this. Anyhow, I must have, because I got the whipping later. Funny as it seems, though, my sister and I always got along. No matter what she did, I never got mad. I was always too afraid she'd get mad; and anyhow, it was more fun to follow her and take it, than to sit at home alone and sulk. Mother died when we were young, so I depended on her for pretty nearly everything.

When it came to moving to another post and having to make new friends, my sister was cut out for the part of an "army brat." She seemed to have a sort of magnetic personality that appealed to everyone. Wherever we went, it wouldn't be a month before she had the post gang following her around and taking her orders as to what game would be played and who would be "it." My father would say, "She's a born leader, but damn if I know why." When I think about it, I don't know why myself. She wasn't good-looking. Oh, I guess you'd say she was cute enough but nothing out of the ordinary . . . medium height with brown hair and rather pretty green eyes, straight teeth, and average figure; but that's all. People used to say it was just a question of some people having it and some people not having it. Well, Sister had it. She kind of grew on you, whether you wanted her to or not. One thing was . . . she could think up more things to do than any ten people put together. She organized secret clubs to fight the girl scouts, to fight all boys, to keep parents from making children come in after dark, and how many other things, I can't remember. Their only common denominator was my sister and I. She was always the president and I was the most important follower, next to whoever she chose as her best girl friend. One of her clubs that she organized in Virginia became such a menace to the Sunday school teacher that my Father was forced to send my sister to camp for two weeks to break it up. I tried to take over in her absence, but it was too much for me, and the cause was lost for good when Sister returned with bigger and even better ideas.

It was when she was thirteen that my sister took up horseback riding, so I started in, too. She had always loved horses, and soon displayed that same knack for handling them that my father has. He taught her all the tricks and she, in turn, taught them to me. I wasn't too fond of horses, but I saw I'd have to train myself to like them if I was going to keep up

with Sister and Father. Together the two of them would spend hours out on the trails while I messed around the stables waiting for them to return. Then Father would leave and my lessons would begin. From the very first my sister went in for the wilder horses. She didn't care how many times she fell off; and as for somebody seeing her fall . . . the more people present, the better. She loved an audience. One time she got a brain concussion from being slammed up against a wall; and when I was allowed to go visit her, the first thing she said was, "Wait till the kids see my chipped tooth. Look at it! Isn't it a beauty?" She wasn't at all sorry, and I wished I had one too. The first horse she rode after she got out of the hospital was the same one that had beat her up. Father stood by me and I thought the exact thing was going to happen all over again; but it didn't, and after that, Sister liked that horse best of all. She used to show him whenever she could because people always poked each other and told all over again how that horse had slammed her into a wall once. Sister never rode in a show that she didn't place, usually first or second. I could never see exactly what it was, but she had that look that the judges liked.

What with all the riding we did, Sister never bothered with boys much until her junior year in high school when Fred came along. He was a non-com's boy whom my sister spotted three days after he moved on the post. Fred wasn't very tall, but he was a good-looking boy with an attractive, half-lazy air about him that drove the high school girls crazy. I don't know if it was that Father had forbidden us to play with the non-com children, or if it was that all the



Malynda Hiott

other girls wanted him; but whatever it was, my sister got him. He started hanging around her, coming over to the house after school, and meeting her at the movies on Fridays and Saturdays. I didn't care one way or another, so long as he didn't care if I fol-

lowed along too, and I think all would have gone well if Father hadn't stepped in too soon. Sister was beginning to be bored with Fred, as nobody seemed to care if she went around with him or not. Then one afternoon Father came home earlier than usual and that night at dinner, he raised all kinds of Hell about us being seen with the non-com children any more than we had to. Sister didn't say a word, so I didn't either and it passed off; but that Friday night Fred and Sister ditched me at the movie, and when I came home alone the trouble started. I was in bed when Sister came in, but stayed awake and listened to what was said. Father swore like only Father can, and Sister swore right back at him like only she could. I guess Father must have slapped her or something, or maybe she slapped him; because all of a sudden there was a dead silence, and after a few minutes I heard Father coming up the steps and Sister going into the kitchen. The next morning, Sister didn't tell me anything, and nobody spoke at the breakfast table, so I didn't either. She went right on seeing Fred after that, and Father didn't speak to her the whole time. Then one night after she'd come in from the movies, she just marched past me in the living room and walked into the den and said, "I'm not seeing him any more." And that was the end of Fred. Father didn't seem pleased or mad. I don't even think he looked up from what he was doing. He just said, "Good." As for me, I was plenty happy about it and immediately quit going around with the boy next door and started back in riding with Sister every afternoon. She seemed content with things as they were for almost six or seven months and then she started going with a football captain from a high school about ten miles away. Father liked him and I guess I did too; but he wasn't an "army brat," and seeing as Sister said she was planning on marrying into the army, she decided she was wasting her time and dropped him. It would have ended, anyhow, because we were ordered back to Kansas.

Sister was overjoyed at going away, which surprised me quite a bit, as before we had always hated to leave. I guess she was just sick of the same old people. When I thought about it, I was too. I know Father was glad to leave, as he wanted the course he was going to take; and whenever Sister and Father were happy, so was I. This was the biggest post we'd ever lived on and Sister and I were crazy about it. Father bought us an old jalopy to drive around in and we must have covered every road throughout Kansas and Missouri. When we got tired of the jalopy, we had our pick of the eighteen hundred horses that the stables boasted. There was an indoor riding hall big enough for the whole cavalry to parade in; there was ice skating, skiing, and anything we desired. On the whole, I guess the two of us were never happier. We did everything. Sister even invented a polo game for kids that was played with brooms, and it was so much fun that some of the officers even joined in now and then. They

(Continued on Page 19)

The Crane

A great white crane slowly wading
around a tuft of green marsh grass
had had for his morning fare
two frogs, a crab, and one minnow
when quickly a second minnow passed.
With hardly a break in the water-glare
it lay in his beak, loudly saying:
"We were shipmates not long ago.
Put me back to hear my tale."
And the crane quickly obeying ——
"We sailed in the pirate ship Naarlis.
When it was sunk by a lawful sail
I cursed the sea and struggled —— not for long ——
so now I am only a fish.
Why are you a bird —— and one so pale?"
Thus said the crane to him:
"Captured, taken ashore, and tried,
I was hung by my thumbs
in the rigging of a vessel once our victim
from a sunrise until I died.
In the first of the morning I hung from a spar
with the shore behind, the sea before me
and only my arms a little numb,
but soon I hung from the sun, moulded in melting tar,
holding with my feet the weight of the sea.
Perhaps this caused my lengthened legs,
a waterless mouth my brittle beak;
but only the night made my arms free.
I was washed of pain and scar
as the night breeze blew me cool and limp
out over the moon's long streak.
Then when the moon had almost set I glimpsed
a great white bird flying over its rim,
and I went with him ——."

JEAN FARLEY

Book Review

INTRODUCTION TO EMILY DICKINSON

... by HENRY W. WELLS

Henry Wells' *Introduction to Emily Dickinson* is exactly what its title implies. If one is not already well familiarized with the poet, Emily Dickinson, this book serves as an excellent intermediary. However, the book goes a great deal deeper than a mere introduction; it is an extremely thorough, but withal, charming analysis. A book of this type fills a very definite need, particularly so since the publication of *Bolts of Melody* in 1945, which brought to light over six hundred previously unknown poems of Emily Dickinson's.

Emily Dickinson has been, for some time, the subject of numerous books—most of which are novelized versions of her life. In these books she has been presented as a remarkable genius, a woman whose life had been blighted by the death of her lover, and as a New England recluse. She had become highly romanticized, and perhaps a direct result, although unintentional in purpose as all of these authors were intense admirers of her writings, has been to center attention more closely on her character and less on her poetry.

This is why Mr. Wells' book should be particularly appreciated. He has an excellent approach—that of a discussion of Emily Dickinson not only as a person, but as a poet in relation to other poets, exactly how she compares with them. Mr. Wells divides his book into three parts. In the first, he tries and succeeds admirably well in giving a fair and unbiased review of Miss Dickinson's character. In the second part, he writes about her ideas on aesthetics, religion, fantasy and, in general, her "universal aspect." He

states that one scholarly writer had done a remarkable job of pinning her down directly as a mid-Nineteenth Century American, and, more accurately, as a New England writer. Mr. Wells now proposes to take her out of this localization and this he does with considerable interest, carefulness, and skill. In the third section of the book he discusses the actual aspects of her art. He devotes a good deal of attention to her technical ability, her lyricism, and her epigrammatic writing. In this sense, he particularly fulfills the promise of his title. If one knew little about Emily Dickinson's writing or if one merely wished to know more about her poems because they had previously interested him—in either case, Mr. Wells gives sound help.

However, the charm and facile style throughout the whole book are conducive to reading even if one does not desire the specific information. It is in no sense a textbook that suggests dry, heavy reading. As any book should be that is written about Emily Dickinson, it is pleasant, interesting, and generally likable. To be sure, there are a few elements that can be criticized—very little has been written that is not subject to criticism—but Mr. Wells' book has such an admirable purpose and fills such a decided need, one tends to think of the book in its overall result, and that is one of pleasure.

It seems that too few people have an especial awareness of Emily Dickinson's poetry, or else they know it only from a prejudiced point of view. Mr. Wells' book should help to change some of these opinions. If one is already an admirer of her writing, this book should be enjoyable reading.

MARY ELLIOTT



Anne Wall

Igor's Fish Bowl

JOANNE McLEAN

IGOR looked up from the black fish bowl, his eyes sparkling with delight. "They spin and spin," he whispered to himself; and leaning back in his chair, he grinned still more broadly as he rocked to and fro—thump, thump.

"Igor, you ox!" yelled his brother. "You ain't done a thing all day! Mule! Jackass! Who's gonna' help Pappy with the haying 'less you get your hide out there?" And, by way of punctuation, he spat—one long streak of tobacco juice ending a blob on the wall—a perfect comet.

Igor stared blankly at his brother, who was digging dirt from under his toenails with Ma's meat-knife. After a time Igor shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his treasure almost greedily. "Like whirlpools," he decided, "only, hundreds of 'em." His eyes fairly screwed from the sockets as he watched the round little balls moving in separate circles. About every half-hour an involuntary "Gowsh!" would escape from his thick lips.

Dusk came creeping into the hot sky, wiping away the beady drops of perspiration on Igor's brow and cooling his huge, sweaty body; but Igor was unaware of the change. He didn't hear Ma quit rubbing at the washboard and start rattling the pans about for supper. His brother moved his feet to the far side of the stove and continued cutting notches in his shoe-leather, flicking the shavings expertly into the goulash. Igor was deaf to it all. He did not even hear the heavy, lumbering steps of Pappy coming across the porch to the kitchen, smelling a bit like cows and steaming in fury.

"Igor!" he thundered. "A fine son you are! You hogwash! I oughta' split you open and feed your innards to the cattle—all the work you do!"

Ma spanked her wooden stirring-spoon against her print apron and turned around. "Now, Pap! You ain't no call fer to speak to the boy thataway! You know he's been sick, and he do so enjoy that fish bowl he found under the house. It give him sech pleasure." She smiled fondly at her "baby boy."

"Yeah! Mooning like a sick cow over that bowl all day and night! Dress him in overalls, but do that help? Hell no!" And stamping his feet, he jerked a straw-bottomed chair toward him and seated his bulk at the table. "Wa'll, bring on the mush," he ordered, pushing the unwashed dinner dishes to the side.

Igor's brother sidled his chair up to the table, and Ma brought on the goulash. But Igor did not move. He had paled slightly at Pap's first words but had returned to his normal pink on hearing Ma's rejoinder.

"Ain't that boy even gonna' eat?" Pap growled. Throwing back his chair decisively, he announced, "I'll have a look at that fool fish bowl—right here and now! Igor, what's so magic 'bout this thing?"

Igor swelled with happiness; and fumbling with a worn piece of paper, to which he referred occasionally, he burst out excitedly, "It's universes, Pap—hundreds of 'em! But here's my fav'rite. See here, Pap." He pointed breathlessly. "That air's Veniss, and Juppickle, and Satterd, and—ouch! the sun! But, Pap, that li'l-un is my fav'ritest of all. That-un there; it's a planit, too—the Earth's what it's called. Put yo' haid down close, Pap. You can hear noises sometimes."

"Don't hear nawthin'," Pap rumbled skeptically.

Igor ducked his head down, ever so close to the slowly moving, round ball, and waited. "I does, Pap! Like low murmurin' and sometimes rumblin' like marchin'. That's what it sounds like!"

He was just about to lift his head so Pap could hear, too, when the accident happened. Suddenly a mighty explosion burst forth from the Pacific-side of the Earth. It visibly rocked the little planet and shot forth long, yellow fingers of fire high into the space above, one of them penetrating his left eye with terrific force. A second, and then another explosion, still mightier than the first; and the whole of Igor's upper face burst into flames. Igor threw up his arms and sank to the floor, screaming in pain.

"My boy! My boy!" cried Ma.

Pap stood helpless, staring. He looked at the fish bowl and hated it. Clenching his fists, he muttered, "I fix!" And with one swoop of his great hands, he seized the bowl and hurled it against the wall. It crashed, a million broken pieces.

Igor clapped his hands over his ears and screamed again. Ma, Pap, and even the brother gathered close. No one even glanced at the broken pile of glass and balls in the corner. Certainly no one heard the faint whimperings that rose from a shattered ball, "a planit, called Earth," in the rubble. What difference did it make? It was only a fish bowl.



Barbara Stoughton

The God of Jonah

Jonah's God not being the God
Who thundered out of Sinai,
The fish spewed Jonah forth,
An undignified escape,
Yet it was less than the eye for the eye
And the tooth for the tooth
Exacted by the God of Moses.

The king of Nineveh was of the heathen.
Matter for astonishment:
The king of Nineveh believed animals had souls.
As of man, of beast also he ordered repentance.

The cows must have mooed for their water.
How many times was the sackcloth explained to the
bull?

Jonah, who had received of God's greater mercy,
For his was a wilful sin:
Jonah resented God's relenting.

As the pig who fattens himself for the day of his
death,
So Jonah watched the city,
Waiting till the day of the time of fulfillment,
Knowing the city would live, while he died of his
disgrace.

For the Lord God had revoked his word,
Which was also the word of his prophet.
How could he be an honoured prophet,
If God withheld the brimstone?
Jonah was a Mede or a Persian.

God suffered the anger of Jonah.
He veiled Jonah's wrongs in a gourd,
That Jonah might bring his accusation against him,
Even against his Lord.

Jonah thought he had the Lord caught,
Required to answer a justified complaint.

God said unto Jonah,
The gourd was none of thy doing.
Its rise and its fall were in a day.
Is not Nineveh like it?
Have I not recognized the repentance of the men of
Nineveh,
Who cannot tell their right hand from their left?
Have I not recognized the humility of the people,
And also of the cattle?

According to Jonah's record,
The last word was God's.

MARY ANNE CLEGG

Street Song

BETSY LARIMORE

HOWARD WARREN ate his dessert quickly, excused himself, and rose from the table.

"Dating?" Sam McCouston asked, grinning up from his cake.

"Not exactly," Howard answered coldly and left the room. He got mad every time he looked at Sam. His hair was curly and he wore it long so it hung down over his forehead. He had sideburns and always wore flashy clothes. Sam roomed next door to Howard and kept him awake every night by singing and playing his guitar. He always talked about the time he had a job singing on the radio, but nobody believed him.

"Give her a big kiss for me!" he yelled as Howard closed the door behind him.

He had left his coat on the carved rack beneath the stairs in the hall so he could leave quickly without having to go back upstairs after dinner. He walked onto the porch and stood uncertainly for a moment. Taking a coin from his pocket, he flipped it into the air, caught it, and turned left. He walked slowly down the street, still flipping the coin absent-mindedly.

Howard couldn't stand to spend Sunday afternoon at the boarding house. Mrs. Mabe did her best to make it seem like home, but Sundays were so different. Week-days weren't so bad. You talked about the work you did that day, and the work you were going to do, and how tired you were, and then went to bed. But on Sunday the house was like a different place. Everybody was dressed up and trying to use their best manners. The atmosphere was different on Sundays. A quiet dullness seemed to settle over everything. Sun came through the yellow paper window shade and made the whole dining room yellow and hot and close. Everybody seemed dull and lost and helpless on Sundays, even the ones who talked and joked a lot before. They looked at the papers and wandered aimlessly about the house and yard. It seemed like they were waiting for someone to come or something to happen. They finally wandered on off down the street and didn't come in until after he had already gone to bed. He always wondered where they went on Sundays.

Howard walked through the narrow, empty streets of the market district. Some mornings, instead of taking the bus, he walked to work; and this was the best short cut he had found. Farmers were setting up their crates of fruits and vegetables the last time he came by. He remembered the small square boxes of blackberries that were placed neatly on the top of upturned crates. Blackberries were barely turning the last time he was home. They'd be ripe and the kids would be picking them by now. He could almost hear the cries across the patch and the thud of berries dropping in the tin lard bucket. He remembered how

the birds flew back and forth, arguing, through the patch, and how his mother fussed whenever they messed up the clean sheets she had hung out to dry. He remembered how they picked berries when he was a kid—racing to see who could pick the most. He remembered how his mother always made him bathe after coming in from picking, and how she made him sit down in the kitchen while she ran her hands through his hair looking for ticks he might have picked up from the bushes. He remembered the long rows of deep red jars that lined the shelves in the basement and how, when his married sisters came for a visit, the rows suddenly became shorter, and bare places were left in the rows where you could see the cool earth wall between the jars.

He wished he had gone home when he had gotten out of work the day before, and wondered why he didn't. And then his brother's voice came back to him: "S'matter, kid, homesick? . . . Or can't you find a girl in town? . . . Or won't they have you?" He had gotten mad at Joe for that, but he hadn't answered. Joe was the kind who liked to argue. He decided then that he wouldn't go home for two weeks; and when he did go, he wouldn't tell anyone what he'd been doing on week-ends.

Howard watched the girl who walked up the street ahead of him. She was tall and had long slim legs, and her hips moved with an easy rhythm. Her dress was faded and wrinkled, but other than that, she wasn't bad-looking. She smiled as he walked past her and he saw the heavy pancake make-up crack where the wrinkles came around her mouth. He saw that her lipstick didn't follow the shape of her mouth at all, and that blue eyebrow shadow made her eyes look hollow and sunken in. He decided there really weren't very many decent girls. He wished he had bothered to make a date with the girl who lived down the street from him—he could tell just by her looks that she was a decent girl. They always got off the bus at the same corner and she always smiled. When she had asked him if he weren't new on the block he only murmured, "Yes," and when she told him that her name was Elizabeth and said, "I live in the second house from the corner. Come over sometime," he had gulped "O. K." and turned in at his walk. He had gone to his room completely disgusted with himself for being so awkward. He decided that the next time he saw her he would say, "Hello, there. How are you? Do you have plans for Saturday night?" But the next time he saw her he only smiled and said "Hello" in answer to her cheery "Hi there!"

Howard wandered through the Sunday streets watching the men in rolled-up sleeves and open shirt fronts who gathered on the street corners and leaned against the walls, waiting, talking low, cigarettes

hanging from the corners of their mouths. He wondered why they always gathered like that, and then realized there was nothing else to do. They belonged to the rooms and apartments above the shabby stores. They belonged to the open stairways in the back alleys and to the stuffy rooms with curtains drooping lazily out unscreened windows and catching now and then on the rough brick wall that had become one huge sign: "Drink a Bite to Eat—Dr. Pepper at Ten, Two, and Four." Their solemn discussion and bursts of loud, boisterous laughter blended with the other street sounds and together they made a symphony which he became acutely aware of. It seemed that he had always known these people, and yet he felt so far away from them. He recognized their loneliness and restlessness and the shallowness of their lives; and he pitied them. He watched the ragged, barefoot children push a patched tire down the sidewalk, running, laughing, behind it, and wished that he didn't know what kind of people they would be when they grew up.

Main Street was crowded and noisy, and heat rose in smothering waves from the sidewalk. Girls in twos and threes walked slowly, rhythmically down the street, giggling knowingly, and casting glances toward the boys who stood on the street corners. Sometimes the boys whistled at them, sometimes they made cracks, and sometimes they followed the girls. Howard went into a drug store and ordered hamburgers. Mrs. Mabe's Sunday suppers were always left-overs, and he usually left them still hungry. Besides, he didn't have anything else to do. He ate slowly and sat thinking, watching the people in the drug store and those who passed by the door. He wished he didn't know so much about people—he could never be happy around such people. He pitied them in their loneliness and poverty and knew he could never help them.

Howard walked slowly back to Mrs. Mabe's, lingering on the way to watch a baseball game that was going on in a side street. There were Negroes and whites on both teams and there were several girls playing, too. A crowd had gathered to watch the game and their yells and jeers made it more exciting. Howard was shocked that the Negroes and whites should play so well together, and decided that it was because they, as well as the whites, were helpless and lonely.

The house was deserted when he returned except for the old couple who lived down on first floor. They sat in the swing and talked quietly, the man leaning forward now and then to spit tobacco juice through the railing of the porch and then returning to his position in the swing. Howard sat down in a chair on the opposite side of the porch and began reading the newspaper which he had gathered from the living room and the porch. He raised his head to glance

at the old couple. He wondered what they talked so long and earnestly about, since they stayed together all the time and didn't go anywhere. Howard finished the comic section of the paper and read no further. The street held his attention. He had never really looked at the street before and had never noticed how much alike the houses were. All of them had two stories and a porch that covered the whole front. He looked at the house directly across from Mrs. Mabe's. It was the most dilapidated house on the block. All the window shades were raised to a different height, and curtains drooped limply out the unscreened upstairs windows and lay upon the roof of the porch. Two hangers with women's underclothes on them hung in an upstairs window and twisted back and forth with the breeze. He wondered if the underclothes belonged to the woman with red hair who sat in the swing on the porch smoking a cigarette. He felt sorry for the woman even if he did know what she was. The boys at Mrs. Mabe's joked about her, and he had seen an endless number of cars park in front of the house. She always met the man at the door and they went inside. After a while the man would come out alone and when he drove off, she would return to the swing again.

His gaze moved down the row of houses until it rested on the second house from the corner. That was where Elizabeth lived. Remembering her, a deep longing swept over him. He wished more than ever that he had made a date with her. Besides being cute and pretty, Elizabeth was somebody you could talk to. He could tell that just by the little time he'd seen her. He wanted to tell her about his new job and about his chances for promotion. He wanted to tell her about his home and his childhood and how he felt about people. He could take her home with him some Sunday and they could picnic by the creek. He knew his mother would like Elizabeth. She would say, "I like your choice, Howard. She's such a sweet, pretty girl, and level-headed, too, not like most of the girls are now-a-days." He wondered if she was home—he hadn't seen anyone leave while he had been on the porch. "Come over some time," she had said. He wondered if she had a date that night. He decided to wait until 8:30, and if no one went over by that time, he would go.

A group of children gathered in front of the house next door, arguing and deciding what game to play. They finally divided into two groups, one on each side of the walk with one child standing on the walk. They ran from one side of the narrow yard to the other, trying to escape the grasp of the child on the walk who was "it." Their cries and laughter rose shrill and high and echoed in the lazy evening streets: "Snake in the gully, can't catch me! Snake in the

(Continued on Page 17)



Betsy Waldenmaier

Book Review

INTRUDER IN THE DUST

... by WILLIAM FAULKNER

Just how much *Intruder in the Dust* is a part of the current political scene only William Faulkner, perhaps, can say. While Dixiecrats lambasted Truman with their ire and the South lambasted Wallace with its eggs, *Intruder in the Dust* was appearing in bookstores throughout the country. And this, William Faulkner's latest novel, is a commentary upon the South and two of its institutions—lynching and the southern Negro. Perhaps the novel's appearance at this time was opportune—perhaps inopportune.

Intruder in the Dust is the story of a southern boy and a Negro, Lucas Beaucamp. Lucas, proud of the white blood in his veins, has antagonized the white population and has fascinated the boy. Then a bootlegging mountaineer is shot and Lucas is accused and jailed. The law, convinced that Lucas is guilty, is interested primarily in keeping him alive until his trial. Nevertheless, the law is equally convinced that, despite all precautions, the vindictive hill people will lynch the Negro. While the town waits for the show, the boy, his Negro companion, and an old maid, the last of an aristocratic family, invade a mountain graveyard at night to dig up the corpse and prove that Lucas' gun had not killed the man. That's the story except for the results.

Faulkner, always the southern nationalist, has attempted to analyze southern sociological problems in terms of racial relations. He is guilty of sectional bias, but he is magnificently innocent of oversimplification. As one who understands the South because he is still an ardent Southerner, Faulkner draws several conclusions in *Intruder in the Dust*. From the Negro's standpoint, he observes that his immediate hope in a given situation is a woman or a child; for the southern man is too involved with things to grasp situations. He finds that southern society functions under a dualistic set of rules, the whites imposing upon the blacks an expected pattern of conduct, the Negro expecting a patterned behavior from the whites, and both races apathetically gauging their actions accordingly. And Faulkner concludes that the duty and privilege of the South is to free the Negro without Federal legislation: "That's why we resist the North . . . That's what we are really defending: the privilege of setting him free ourselves; which we will have to do for the reason that nobody else can, since goin' on a century ago now the North tried it and have been admitting now for seventy-five years that they failed."

In the novel, these conflicts—a sense of justice, and understanding of the Negro, a groping insight into the situation, and a fixed heritage of oppression—diverge upon the boy. His confusion breaks forth in those long streams of subconsciousness that are so typical of Faulkner. He acts by an instinct of justice

and by a blind faith. He is the more enlightened spirit of the South in his very confusion; and his uncle is the oracle of his mind. His uncle and the novel are the victims of a slight pretentiousness on the part of Faulkner. The author makes of this lawyer uncle not a character, but a commentator. In a few unguarded moments, he also attempts to make of the novel not a story of the South, but a universal epic. The unfortunate result is long parenthetical dissertations on subjects ranging from the battle of Gettysburg to current Russo-American relations. Gettysburg may be pertinent. True, it is the mind of the uncle that wonders, but the uncle is a rather unstable mouthpiece of the author.

But there is a realistic fabric of character woven into *Intruder in the Dust*, and it is Faulkner at his best. There are the gun-toting, bootlegging hill people, whose self-imposed code of living requires lynching of Negroes, but deplors killing of relatives. There is the hale, capable Miss Habersham, nearly eighty, the last of the aristocracy, who sells vegetables to make a living and opens graves to defend a faith. There is the politician sheriff who believes in a primitive justice and the power of the ballot (particularly at re-election time). And there are others.

I do not intend to assume that *Intruder in the Dust* is a lesser *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in a political civil war. It would be foolish, even, to assume that its occasionally abstruse morality could be generally popular. *Intruder in the Dust* is a thoroughly competent observation of a complex situation. It is a fairly competent novel.

ELLEN METZ

Ibid

Let not the winter come to shrink the day
and crowd life into briefer hours.
Hold off the joyless gray,
invincible and grim New Englander
burning the witch October.

But seize this moment,
bright portion of the circular whole, forever.
Keep every leafcup full of silver sun.
Stop time
to keep this sky its brittle blue.
And save the last fragrance of summer,
wrapt in the warm slow wind,
the saddest thing,
singing of all the summers past,
of lovers lost beneath the moon,
of great, round apples reddening on a tree,
and of brief rain.

DOLLY DAVIS

Jimmy Jacob

DEANE LOMAX

JIMMY JACOB walked down the highway. His rheumatism sure was worse today. Shriveled corn stalks were lying in piles in the fields. The clay was dry and lumpy and looked very cold. Even the sour-grass and drying shafts of goldenrod at the edge of the road were bent with the wind. He paused before Mrs. Price's house, set back in a clump of scrubby pines. The turkey gobblers were strutting massively around the house; and overstuffed white-leghorn hens clucked motherly clucks. A mustard-colored little fice dog nipped nervously, sending the hens scurrying in a puff of feathers. Jimmy Jacob stumped up the path, kicking a flint rock at the side. The sparks snapped and cracked and then the rock was chalky-white again.

He knocked. Mrs. Price let him in with a curt "howdy"—nothing more. She leaned back, her features unbroken except for the slow, rhythmic movements of her snuff-filled jaws. She rocked militantly, and chewed. Her starched, white collar moved vigorously as she spoke. "Jimmy Jacob, I've told you five thousand times that I've got enough lemon flavorin' to last me a coon's age."

"Yes'm, Mrs. Price. But this here's Tinsers flavorin'—one hundred per cent pure and special price—fifty cents and ten kewpons." He slumped into the cane-slatted chair.

Mrs. Price spat and bought her eighth bottle of lemon flavoring. "How's your ma, Jimmy Jacob?" She snapped her black leather change purse shut.

"She ain't lookin' nigh as pert as you are, Mrs. Price. Seems like Ma has her up days and her down days." He picked up his shiny oilcloth bag, grinned a toothless grin, tipped his moth-eaten hat and stumped out the door.

Jimmy Jacob pulled his moth-eaten coat tighter around his stooped shoulders, rubbed his hands to warm them, and tucked his satchel under his arm. Cold tears were coming out his eyes, and his lips were blue. He tottered on up the road, bent and shivering against the angry wind. He dropped his satchel. A bottle fell out, shattering yellow fluid and glass over the asphalt. An oil truck passed. The driver stuck his head out of the window and yelled: "Hey, you old fool. Why'n hell don't you keep your damn mess off the road?" Jimmy Jacob just walked on, shivering and cold and very hungry. He leaned his weight against the door of his house and stumbled into the room.

His mother said from another room: "It's 'bout time. I ain't had a darn thing but fatback and biscuit today. It's cold, and you been out gallivantin' over the country. Come'n turn me afore I git bed sores."

Jimmy Jacob went into his mother's room. It smelled of liniment, and old quilts, and of her unwashed body. "Pick up yore feet," she said. He pulled the wrinkles out of the faded quilt, the wedding-bell quilt, which his grandmother had made. He pushed her wispy hair back from her seamed, leathery face. She grinned, her sharp, black eyes darting. "You been out sparkin' one o' them young hens. You're too old t'keep kickin' up your heels and actin' like a damn fool. Them young strumpets'll take any kind o' man." She cackled shrilly as the red came up over his face. "Made two dollars, Ma."

"Git in there and cook me some vittles. My stum-mick's done met my backbone." She scowled at him.

Jimmy Jacob stuck a piece of splintery pine into the stove and cut three pieces of sidemeat, two for his mother, one for him. He warmed over the thick biscuits and coffee from breakfast. The coffee smell made his nose run. A cockroach ambled slowly from under the stove. He smashed it with the toe of his brogan, then he took his ma's food to her.

"Took you long enough," she grumbled, before wolfing her food.

He drank a cup of the bitter coffee, not caring that it was thick, lukewarm, and full of grounds.

"Turn the set on," his mother called. "Git the weather." He turned the set on and sank down into his only chair.

"Come in here and heat my brick," she ordered.

He warmed her brick in the oven of the old, rickety stove, wrapped it in a dingy towel and put it to her almost transparently-white feet.

"Go and chop some wood. It's gettin' cold. The ground's goin' be covered by mornin'."

Jimmy Jacob wanted to read his paper. He wanted to sit in his chair, and drink hot, bitter coffee, and chew a plug of good tobacco. He ran his hands through his hair and sighed.

He went out back and chopped the wood; hard, firm oak and soft cedar. He brought in a pile and stoked up the fire.

"Whar you been, Jimmy Jacob? You been piddlin' out in that yard while I was plump near freezin' to death."

Jimmy Jacob put another quilt on his mother and banked the fire so that it would last. He went out to the junk room. A molded side of bacon hung from the ceiling, and the old dresser by the window had a wavy, yellow mirror in it. There was a bucket of cotton-seed meal behind the door. Behind it was his old, rusty "22." He picked up the gun, fondled the rusted barrel, and rubbed at the once shiny, mahogany stock. He laid it on top of the red-brocaded

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A Better Mousetrap

Cloo, cloo, cloo is said softly
but no one hears it,
for of course pigeons live in the eaves.
Cleep, cleep, cleep is said quickly
but no one hears it,
for of course sparrows live in the trees.
Paper-headed chickens hang by their feet
above a counter of half-frozen seafood
and of course their blood doesn't drip
on the lobsters with pegs in their claws.
Tree-squares and row houses
are plaited into an asphalt street
with now and then the glitter
of a mortared mica chip.
A stony fretwork of steel
braces up the subway walls
and clamps a five-trestled bridge
down upon a dull grey river
which sucks at an orange peel
with the mouth of a half-crushed mouse.

JEAN FARLEY



Ann Chispley, Malynda Hiott, Virginia Ingram

True Love

IVA LENNON

MEDULLA HASONAVITCH sat on the back porch of her country estate (three rooms and an outhouse), peeling apples. Anyway, she was supposedly peeling apples; but Clarisse, a high-yalla, and Pearl, a smut-black gal, were sitting on stools at Medulla's feet doing all the work. Medulla felt it beneath her dignity to indulge in such bourgeois labor, for she had recently gotten herself engaged.



The day before, on Friday, Medulla had been sitting on the back porch peeling the first bushel of the apples. She was by herself, because her status then had not warranted the added toils of Clarisse and Pearl. She was on the third apple when her brother came from around the corner of the house, and jumped up on the porch. Two other boys jumped up after him; one was gap-toothed, the other had oversized ears. Since the gap-toothed one was six inches taller than the five feet-ten inch Miss Hasonavitch, she immediately decided she was in love with him. "Charming Charlie," her brother, suddenly remembered his duty as host. He grinned, and told his sister that these two gentlemen had been his roommates the quarter he was attached to the Agricultural School at State College. They had stopped by to say "Hey" on their way to Myrtle Beach.

Medulla responded with all the charm and fervor of a true country lass, silently thanking God she had already slopped the hogs, and her sister was driving the tractor today.

She mumbled "Hey" to the boys, jumped up, and asked them to come into the kitchen for a drink of the apples she had peeled a year before. All four of them sat silently on their stools and smirked until half of the jug's contents had gurgled into the four glasses. The three boys started giggling at each other. The gap-toothed one, whose name was Harold, slammed his glass down on the table, and said, "Remember the time we punched the hole through the wall?" The boys laughed out loud. Roy sputtered, "... and smoked the Dorm Assistant out of his room!"

Medulla, who had stopped school when she was in the tenth grade (her Pa was having labor troubles and she was right hefty), didn't understand what they were talking about; so not to appear utterly uncouth when she was in polite society, she staggered down into the cellar for another jug of her delectable apples. When she stumbled back up, the boys had obviously been so occupied with their lurid tales of their visit to the Cow College that they had forgotten her. She never worried much about her honor, but when her feminine pride was at stake, by damn, she did something about it. She ran out on the porch

and looked down toward the barn. The three boys were leaning against Jersey Bell, the cow. Medulla jumped off the porch and let out for the pasture. She didn't want to lose a minute, for she knew that when her sister finished disking that fifty-acre piece and came home, she'd have to go back to peeling apples, in self-defense.

Medulla leaped the fence, and ambled over to the boys. They had been discussing whether or not it would be a good investment to import some green chickens from the Mediterranean, but they stopped talking when they saw Medulla, and out of respect for her femininity, they stood up straight by the cow.

Medulla wished she had brought her jug along. They all stood and smirked at each other. Medulla asked them if they didn't want to go and look around the farm some. Harold and Roy mumbled something; they and "Charming Charlie" climbed over the fence and got into the 1936 Chevrolet truck sitting by the barn. Medulla got in the back just as Charlie cranked up. She hung on the sides and let her feet dangle in the dust.

They bumped a mile down through the woods before Charlie suddenly stopped. Medulla fell out on her head. She lay perfectly still, hoping Harold would come over and comfort her. He ignored her. Roy, however, had succumbed to the charms of her stately stature and ran towards her, but Medulla jumped up and followed Harold and Charlie to an overflow before he got to her. It wasn't that she didn't like Roy. He was just too short; that was all. She jammed her hands in the pockets of her jeans and walked over to Harold and Charlie. They were making faces at each other in the overflow water, so Medulla sneaked between them and peered at their reflections. They both shrieked and fell into the pool. Just to be friendly, Medulla jumped in after them. Roy ran up to jump in, too, but he stopped when he saw that the pool wasn't but one yard wide and two yards long. He grabbed both Charlie and Harold by a leg and jerked them out; and since he was a gentleman "of the old school," he gently dragged Medulla out by both feet.

They sat down at the end of a tobacco patch to dry. Medulla decided that the time to make some time with her gap-toothed hero was then or never. She playfully jerked up a Jimson weed, daintily inserted one end between her front teeth, and flopped her eyelids at Harold, "Is there anything about the farm you don't understand?"

Harold steadied himself by holding on to two tobacco stalks, and gulped, "Well, yes," he said, looking at the trees around the overflow, "how many counties you all got?"

Medulla lifted her superior nose and minced, "Well, you see, we don't have but about eleven hundred acres now. Grandpa Hasonavitch lost some messing around with the carpet baggers." Medulla looked at him. "Why don't you and me go see the Indian graveyard? It ain't but about a mile further."

Harold clutched at the two tobacco stalks and snapped them both at the same time. Roy and Charlie jumped. Roy thought he was merely being shot; Charlie thought a policeman was after him. Charlie looked over at Medulla and formed words with his lips, "Roy wants to see one."

Medulla gazed at him stupidly. "A what?"

"Number 38."

"Oh," Medulla shook her head. She crawled over to her brother, took the last bite of Jimson weed, and said, "If they can't hold one jug of apple cider, we better not start doing a round of the stills."

Charlie smiled and looked over at Roy. "I'm sorry. They got the last one yesterday. That's why Pappy ain't home."

Roy nodded sympathetically, and Joe relaxed his grasp on the broken stalks.

Charlie took out a Camel, lighted it, and said, "Guess we better go."

Medulla looked at the sun, and estimated that her sister who "had what Venus wanted" would be through tractoring in forty-five minutes. She gulped, threw out her chest, and blinked at Harold, "Why don't you sit in the back with me? The bumps are awfully rough, and anyway," she slouched down to five feet-seven inches, "I'm terribly delicate." Harold looked at her, his face expressionless. He walked over and placed himself in the back of the truck, his arms folded in front of him. Medulla thought he kinda' looked like their mule Maude did when they were dragging her down to the graveyard to be buried. She sat down beside him, close as she could get. She'd always been fond of Maude.

Charlie started off, and bounced all the way home in high gear. Harold unfolded his arms after a half-mile, and grabbed for the last straw, Medulla. She, as any lady would have, grabbed back.

By the time they got home, Medulla had so overwhelmed Harold that he was unable to speak. "Charming Charlie" jumped out of the truck in time to hear his sister say, "Well, if you ain't got a girl friend, why dontcha' marry up with me?"

Harold's head flopped.

Medulla ran into the house, and came back with a pencil and a piece of paper. She leered at Harold, and handed him the paper. "Now, honey, just write it down on this paper, so I'll know for certain." Harold turned white. He stammered, "But don't you want to wait and talk it over with your Mother?"

Medulla looked indignant. "She won't care. She's gone to a W. C. T. U. meeting and won't be back until dark."

Harold shakily wrote, "This is to certify that the undersigned is engaged to Medulla Bertha Hasonavitch as of the 15th day of August, 1947 A.D.

"Harold X. Pees."

He shook Medulla's firm hand, told Charlie good-by, and he and Roy started across the field to bum to the beach.

Medulla sat on the pasture fence and gazed at them until they were out of sight. They made a beautiful picture walking toward the sun. The humped-over Harold loped across the field like a hound dog nosing at a covey of quail, with the rat terrier Roy yapping at his side.



Medulla sent Clarisse into the kitchen to estimate the time. She came back and said, "It's somewhere between ten and twelve, Miss Medulla." Medulla told her to go cook some dinner. Her Mother would soon be back from town. She spent every Saturday morning getting drunks to sign the pledge. Medulla turned her chair toward the barn and looked at Jersey Bell. She half-closed her eyes and imagined that she saw Harold leaning against the yellow hide. She was crazy about him. He was so handsome. She didn't know exactly what it was, but something about his face—his eyes, maybe—made her think of the Devil.

Street Song

(Continued from Page 11)

gully, can't catch me!" They darted swiftly across the walk, barely escaping the "snake's" eager clutches, screaming whenever they were "bit" and had to become "it." Howard watched the children and pitied them. He thought of his own childhood and of the games he had played. He remembered playing "Crack the Whip" down in the pasture by the creek and the times he was slung into the water. He remembered playing "Hide" around the barns and chicken house, and his hiding place under the haystack where no one ever found him. He pitied children like the ones next door who didn't know what it was to have all the space you wanted to play in.

Howard looked once more at the old couple in the swing. Their voices continued in the same dull monotone that had now become the dominant sound in the quiet evening. The children had been called to supper and they ran quickly to the various houses in the street. The old couple continued their conversation. Their voices blended, and it was as though one voice was speaking instead of the two separate ones.

Rising from his chair, Howard walked through the long dark hall to the dining room where Mrs. Mabe had put a table cloth over the dishes of left-overs that were sitting at one end of the table. He heaped his plate with food and sat down at the head of the table alone. He was glad that no one else was there. He sat thinking about Elizabeth and all they could do together. When he had finished, he put his plate and fork on the sink in the kitchen and returned to his chair on the porch. The old couple was gone from the swing, and he watched the children who had returned to their game in the next yard. A light came on in the living room of Elizabeth's house, and he watched as she came out on the front porch. It had gotten dark and he couldn't see clearly, but he knew she was sitting on the glider. He listened to the faint squeak and watched the shadow cast on the lawn by the living room light.

He watched the lights come on, one by one, in the houses down the street. The lights went on in the front room and hall of the house across the street. He saw the red-headed woman as she stood silhouetted in the doorway for a moment and then walked to her place in the swing. He watched her swing slowly back and forth—the light from the window playing on her features as she moved in and out of the shadow. She lit

a cigarette and he watched the lonely glow. "She's nothing but an old rip," his mother would say of such women. His mother divided all people into two groups: those who were "nice morally" and those who were "mean morally." This woman would belong to the second group, Howard decided. But he felt sorry for her anyway—she looked so lonely, sitting out there in the dark by herself.

Music from a radio floated on the cool evening breeze and mingled with the other street noises. The woman across the street sang along with the music. Although he couldn't hear the words, he could tell that her voice was high and uncertain, and almost child-like. Children's laughter, the music and the woman singing, the echo of footsteps, a quiet conversation, and soft laughter—all these belonged to the night, and to the street which Howard Warren felt he could never become a part of. He wanted to get used to the city, and the people, and the nights there. But it was so different from home. At home the nights were big and far and cool, so different from city nights that pressed close about you. Crickets called from the grass and shrubbery, and frogs croaked on the damp creek bank. A killdeer would rise out of the tall grasses with a sharp cry that ended in a whisper in the dark, still woods. Lightning bugs bobbed about over the lawn, and children ran about catching them in jars to set by their beds at night. A wave of homesickness swept through him and he wished he had gone home—or had made a definite date with Elizabeth.

Howard looked toward her house and saw that she was still on the porch. He saw by his watch that it was ten after eight, but checked by the big clock on the living room mantle before going upstairs to comb his hair.

He was light-hearted as he walked down the steps and stood waiting at the curb for a car to pass.

"Hello," the redheaded woman on the porch called out to him as he reached the sidewalk.

Chosen To Choose



THE LITERARY STAFF selects manuscripts, reads proof. Shown above are McLean, Jacobson, Farley, Metz, and Hawes. Absent from picture are Cohn and Forbes.

He answered her greeting and continued toward Elizabeth's house. Howard hesitated as a car drove slowly down the street, and stopped completely when it turned into her driveway. The man was in shirt-sleeves, and Elizabeth rose from her seat on the glider and ran down the steps to meet him.

"Hi, honey . . . You're late . . . What's the excuse this time?" she asked. They laughed together as they walked arm in arm toward the car.

Howard turned slowly and walked back toward the boarding house, and

didn't turn around when the car passed him. He turned to cross the street directly in front of Mrs. Mabe's.

"Hello there," the voice called again from the swing. "Come up for a little visit."

"Thanks, but I have work to do," he answered curtly.

"It's only a little after eight, and you wouldn't have done it if she'd been home . . . Come on up."

Howard paused for a moment and then climbed the steps to the porch and sat down in a chair. The woman smiled at him. The light from the window showed him that her hair was not completely red, but white where it grew out of the scalp; it flashed on the gold that edged her teeth and made her face look grotesque and fiendish. But she was kind-looking, and wrinkles were deep about her eyes and mouth and made her look much older than he had thought she was. Her mouth was not at all like her singing, but low and harsh.

"You're a new one on the street, ain't you? I told Miss Hartman—she's another lady who lives upstairs—that I bet you was new, 'cause I ain't seen you around much before."

Howard told her that he'd only been living on the street a month.

"I'll bet you never lived in the city before, did you?

But you'll get to like it here . . . It grows on you. I was from the country, too; and I didn't like it either at first. I was awfully lonesome."

Her voice droned on and on and mingled with the other street sounds. Howard listened and watched the children playing on the walk across the street: "Snake in the gulley, can't catch me! Snake in the gulley, can't catch me!" The light from the front porch played on their laughing features and made flitting shadows on the ground as they raced back and forth across the walk.

"You like kids?" she asked, noticing the intentness with which he watched them. "I like 'em too . . . You know, there's nothing as sweet and innocent as a little kid . . . I was just a kid when I moved into town—sixteen, to be exact."

She took a cigarette from a pack that lay on the swing beside her and offered him one. They smoked together and he listened, hypnotized, as she told her story. Howard knew that he shouldn't be there on the porch with her, but he couldn't make himself leave. He had never realized before that anyone might feel like he did about the city, and people. He listened to her voice as it drawled on and on; and he watched, absent-mindedly, the moths that struggled against the screen, found a hole there, and beat about the lamp inside.

A Rustling of Leaves

If your foot lifts
From the brown pine needles
In the spring of a woodman's step
Come close.

"Naturally,
Communication will be inaudible."

Oval ears and narrowing head
Beyond the touch.
Frank brown eyes
That weigh and consider,
Body poised for the alternative.

My apologies for the fence,
When the meek inherit,
If the last days are
According to Isaiah,
Then will the chilling flesh
Be no more;
And the fence will be rolled away.

"Arcs in motion,
Beings incapable of awkwardness,
My deer."

MARY ANNE CLEGG

The Ride

(Continued from Page 5)

claimed it was more exciting than regular polo ever was, and due to the lack of rules, I know it was twice as bloody. The general idea was to hit the ball if you could; but if you couldn't, anything went when it came to keeping your opponent from getting it. My sister was a real terror at the game. She would rush into a mess of horses and children, swinging her broom in all directions and yelling like an Apache on the warpath. Father would stand on the sidelines and shout, "Give 'em Hell! Beat 'em to a pulp!", and I'd tear in swinging my broom and yelling the same thing.

After we left Kansas, we were sent to a big city and have never lived on a post since. My sister hated it and so did I. There were none of the good times we had had before, and neither one of us liked the schools we were in. Her situation worried me more than my own did, though. She started doing all kinds of things, and among them drinking. We had lots more cocktail parties then than we'd ever had before and maybe this was what started it, or maybe it was something else, but anyhow, she started drinking. First it was just a little too much and then entirely too much. Never at the parties but out on dates where Father wouldn't see her. He was so busy at the time that he'd quit keeping tabs on us as to when we got in and who we were with. Most of the boys were ones I never got to know very well but it didn't matter . . . they didn't appeal to me. I just kept watching Sister and hoping we would be ordered back to some post soon.

When the war came, we started calling Father "the Shadow" because we never saw him unless one of us happened to pass him coming in when we were going out, or vice versa. He was made a General shortly and was kept so busy then that sometimes I wondered if he was really living with us. The usual cocktail parties became a thing of the past, and we saw less and less of our old friends. Sister began settling down to dating one boy whom I liked for the simple reason that he was a West Pointer. I wanted her to marry him and I knew he wanted to marry her, but she started getting all kinds of funny ideas about not wanting any more of army life. She said she wanted to sit down in one place and know she was going to stay there till she died. Poor Bill was beside himself when it came to handling her and, believe me, she was something to

handle—especially when she was drinking. She got herself thrown out of the best places in town, she wrecked Bill's car, and even stayed gone from home three days one time and never did tell me where she was. Father didn't know about it and I wouldn't tell him, as there would have been a scene and I knew she'd show up sooner or later.

The night my sister was killed, I was sitting at home reading and listening to some of her old records which she kept spread all over the twin beds in her room. Father came in early from work, ate dinner and went straight to bed as he always does, now that the war is on. Poor Bill! He was the one that was with Sister last and found her first. I still haven't gotten all the details straight. Bill can hardly talk about it, and I don't think it's right to ask him too much. She's dead and that's all that matters to me. It seems that they were out at the club and she got to drinking too much and raised some sort of a scene. Bill got furious and they left, against Sister's wishes. When they were leaving they passed a soldier and before either of the boys knew what had happened, sister was walking in the opposite direction from Bill, holding on to the soldier and calling him her own Frederick the Great who was going to win the war and settle things for good. Later that night, Bill told her they were through unless she quit drinking so much, and Sister said, "I'm going to stop tonight and I'm going to marry you next month." I think she loved him in her own way. She used to refer to him as "little Two-Gun" and I never heard her talk about him the way she did about the others. Bill says that right after she said she would marry him, she asked him to take her back to the club . . . that she had left her purse there. They talked about a lot of things on the way back, and Sister seemed completely sobered up. Bill says she kept telling him how things would be like they were before the war. When they got to the club, she hopped out of the car and said she'd be back in a

minute, and the next time Bill saw her she was dead. They found her at five-thirty that morning. She was lying on the opposite side of a jump on the south trail leading out from the club stables. Her neck was broken. She was dressed in a pair of jeans and one of Father's old khaki shirts which she kept in the dressing room to the stable. Everybody says she was still lit when she fell and maybe she was. The horse was girthed tight and his bridle was intact, so it wasn't that, but somehow I don't feel that it was liquor either. It would have taken more than liquor to con-

Between You and the Artists



THE EDITORIAL STAFF: Elliott, Batchker, Waldenmaier, Shepherd, and DeWitt; (standing) Rodgers and Larimore. Absent from the picture are Westmoreland, Elderidge, and Hawthorne.

fuse my sister when it came to riding. The horse isn't a mean one, a little wild but a good jumper with a smooth take-off. I guess the stable hands will talk themselves blue in the face when I take him right back to the place, but if Sister were here, she wouldn't let him get away with a refusal; so I feel like I ought to take him over for her.

Jimmy Jacob

(Continued from Page 13)

trunk. He remembered when he had gotten it. He had sold eighteen boxes of Rosebud Salve, and the gun had been the premium. It had been a beautiful gun. It had come wrapped in greasy, black cloth; and it was shiny, and new, and had smelled very warm and masculine. He had shot rabbits and occasionally even a squirrel. He had never brought them home. His mother didn't like dead things around the house. He looked at the gun, and fondled an old, chipped marble statue of Venus. It was black with dirt. "Ma don't like nothin'," he thought. "She don't like guns, or dogs, or sunshine, or the peachtree outside her window." He put the statue down and picked up the

gun again. It felt good to have it against him. He cocked it, the sound making a sharp crack. There was a good shell in it. It had been there since he and Zeke Dobbins had gone hunting two years ago. He put the gun down again, and walked to the window. The setting sun was cold-looking. It cast blue shadows over the dark trees across the field. He could hear the wind whistling around the corner of the house. He walked back to the trunk. He picked up the gun again. He could imagine the shell inside, red, and new, and full of good powder. He cocked it again. The sound was loud and hollow in the silent room. The sound made his ear tense and ring inside. It crept to the corners of the room and filled them. It was a good sound—assured and alert. Jimmy Jacob felt very responsible and proud about the sound. He imagined the neighbors staring at his bloody, limp body. He cocked the gun again and held it to him.

"Quit piddlin' with that gun and git in here. You know I don't like you messin' with that thing." He put the gun well behind the bucket of meal. He straightened his bent shoulders, sighed, and pulled the door tight shut behind him with his gnarled hand.

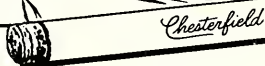
"Comin', Ma," he said.

Jimmy Jacob went to bed early that night. Seemed he was a mite tireder than usual.

QUESTIONS

- A** Underline in comparative degree, I reveal my smoking superiority.
- B** In a letter sequence, I'm twenty-five, When you add a man, I come alive.
- C** Look sharply, Mac, and find a pin To join two pieces, and you may win.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



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